DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

"NAPOLEON,"
AND
"THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS."

WRITTEN RESPECTIVELY BY JOHN WALKER AND W. DIMOND

ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITIONS.

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THE ACTOR'S HAND-BOOK,

AND

GUIDE TO THE STAGE FOR AMATEURS.

BY THE OLD STAGER.

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HOW TO OBTAIN AN ENGAGEMENT.

Extract from the Preface of the Work:—"There are certain difficulties that are inseparable from the earliest phases of the dramatic art. There are others that arise chiefly, if not solely, from the want of practical information, arranged in proper order, and conveyed with due simplicity and clearness of definition. Such difficulties necessarily result in a greater or less degree of disappointment to those who are candidates for dramatic honours; and not unfrequently lead to the abandonment, almost without actual trial, of the profession of the stage by those who might, if properly directed, have come to be reckoned among its chief ornaments.

"It is the purpose of the following pages to remove, where possible, and in all cases to lessen just such difficulties, by furnishing a ready reference to information which shall smooth the way for the more resolute, and, at the same time, encourage the desponding to persevere."

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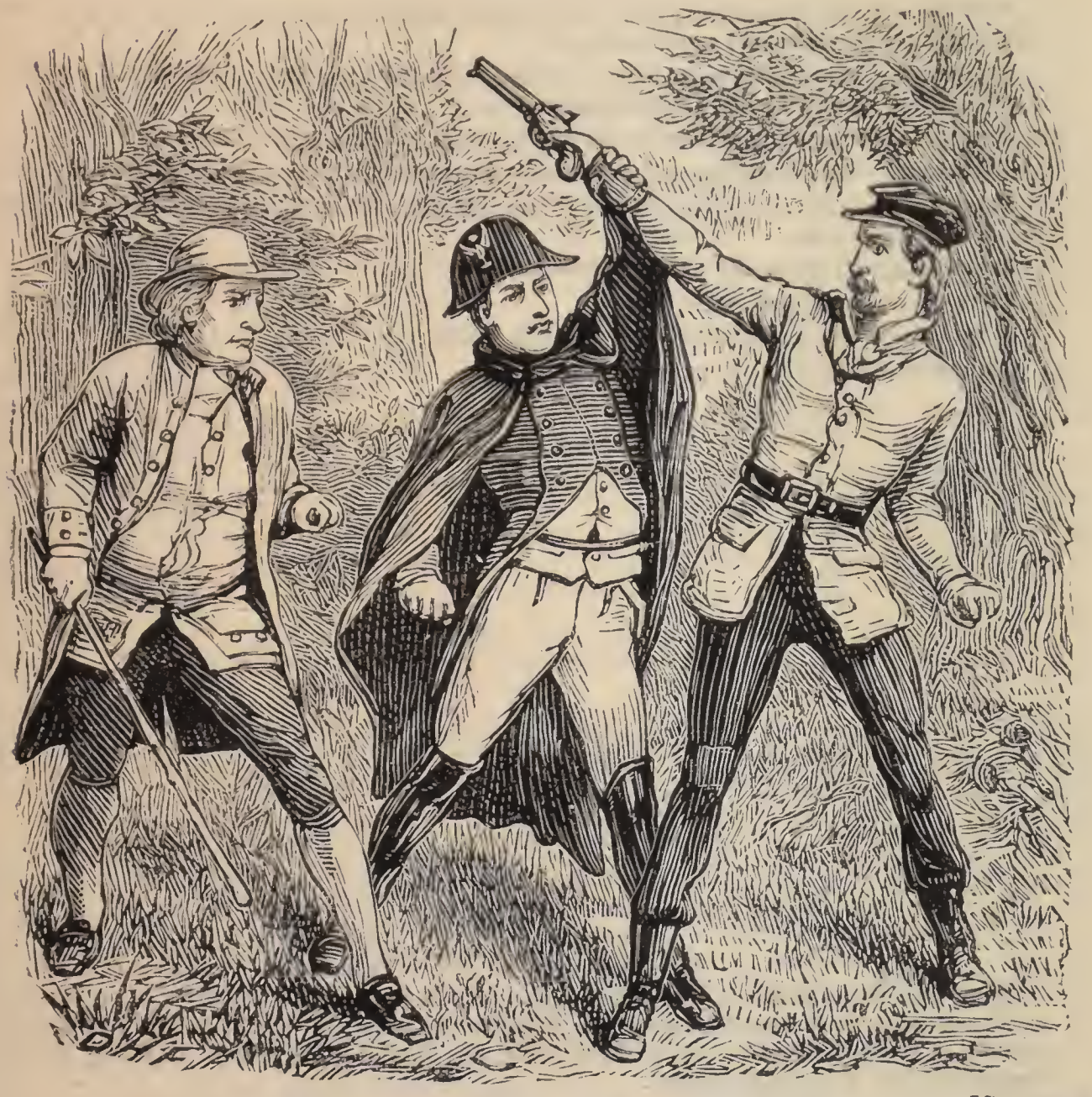
NAPOLEON;

OR, THE EMPEROR AND THE SOLDIER.

A DRAMATIC ANECDOTE, IN ONE ACT.

BY JOHN WALKER.

First Performed at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, December 15th, 1828.



Dramatis Personæ.

[*See page 5.*

Napoleon Bonaparte	Mr. Campbell.
Pendalum	Mr. Andrews.
Bonneaud	Mr. Starmer.
Guillaume	Mr. Foster.
Reigniere	Mr. Johnson.
Baton	Mr. Adamson.
Mary	Miss Stuart.
Madame Bonneaud	Miss Mansell.
Estelle	Miss Darnley.
Louise	Miss H. Gay.

Soldiers, Villagers, Female Peasants, &c., &c.

Time of Representation.—Fifty Minutes.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall

NAPOLE coat, with star on left breast

PENDAL k breeches; white stockings

BONNEA

GUILLAU s and black shoes.

REIGNIE ipe down the sides, and boots

BATON.–

MARY.—

ESTELLE

CHILDRE

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

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R. RC. C. LC. L.

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NAPOLEON.

SCENE I.—*Bonneaud's Cottage*, R. H. *Pendalum's* L. H. *A bridge with a running stream. Cornfields at the back, and a Village in perspective.*

GUILLAUME *appears at cottage window*, R. H.

Guil. What a beautiful morning! And I thought it was half-past four, or near five, and I don't think I'm far off, for I see the sun rising beyond our village church there, and winking his eye at me, as much as to say, "En't you going to get up, you lazy rascal? Don't you see I am come to smile on you?" Well, I ought to be very much obliged to him, for I never saw his face look more cheerful in my life; and his bright eyes make each ear of corn look as if dipped in gold. All are asleep! Father and grandmother are not stirring yet, the villagers are not, and my dear Mary sleeps as soundly as if nothing was to happen. I'll give one of the signals. (*Claps his hands.*) No reply! Now if she loved me as I love her, she never would sleep so soundly. I'll try another signal. (*Whistles.*) All mute! A note or two on my gnitar, perhaps—she must hear that! (*Strikes the guitar.*) Confound it, deaf still! It must have been dancing on the green last night so late. However, I'll soon settle it! I'll steal down softly, and try a few small pebbles against the lattice.

[*Disappears from the window.*

MARY, *at the cottage window*, L. H.

Mary. Surely I heard, if I'm not mistaken, Guillaume's voice, as well as his guitar. Ah, and his window open! Guillaume! Where can he be? I'll go down and see, however. My father sleeps soundly, and it must be as yet very early. (*Enters.*) What, not here! Perhaps he's gone to gather wild flowers for me, as he has done every morning for this month. Surely I hear someone moving in the cottage! Ah, he's coming out! Now I'll hide, and teaze him a little. I may as well have as much my own way as I can, before I'm married, for I don't know how much liberty I shall have afterwards. (*Hides*, L. H.)

GUILLAUME, *at window.*

Guil. Here's a pretty concern! The door's locked and I can't find the key! My father must have hid it, because I shouldn't go out as usual; but love makes ladders as well as wings, and if I can't manage to descend safely by the grape vine, I deserve to break my neck. (*Descends.*) Ah, never mind for a bunch of grapes or two! Now I'll see what my voice can do, and give her a serenade of my own composing, combining all that which is tender, with all that which is melting, melodious, and mellifluent.

SONG.

Oh, listen, listen, love, to me,
The sun has risen cherrily;
While each songster of the grove,
Tunes his throat to joyous love!
Listen, listen!

The merry lark his peal has rung,
And watches o'er his callow young;
The linnet warbles on the spray,
And sweetly sings his roundelay.
Listen, listen!

Each note proclaims this pleasing truth,
The joys of love were made for youth.
Then, dearest, awake!
Time flies on the wing;
The morn of our life
Is the heyday of Spring.

No reply! She must have supped off a dish of poppies last night. I shall have her father coming out after me with his bit of birch. He was my schoolmaster, and I don't forget his kind exertions for my welfare. Why, her window's open! She's doing this to teaze me, the minx. I'll listen! Perhaps she's dressing.

(*He leans against the door; it opens, and he falls in.*)

MARY, *coming forward.*

Mary. Guillaume, how could you?

Guil. Oh, ho, Miss Mary, this is one of your tricks, is it?

Mary. Get up! My father!

Guil. I can't; I've hurt my funny-bone.

PENDALUM, *at window.*

Pen. I'll funny-bone you—with your serenading and breaking my house open! It's no use your trying to hide, I see your legs! This is observing the copies I set you when you came to school, is it? "Attend to the admonitions of your parents and teachers," small hand—that's, not disturb me before I'm awake. "Behave yourself with decorum," round hand—that's, not burst open my door. "Command yourself," small text—that's——

Mary. Don't be in a passion, father.

Pen. Don't passion me, you hussy! You're worse than he is. What business have you to be

COSTUME.

NAPOLEON.—*Well known* drab great coat; French military close-bodied coat, with star on left breast; white breeches; high boots, &c.

PENDALUM.—White coat, large black buttons; flowered waistcoat; black breeches; white stockings; shoes and buckles; Caleb Quotem wig.

BONNEAUD.—Gray tunic, trimmed with white; white hat—old man's hat.

GUILLAUME.—Blue shape jacket; waistcoat and breeches; white stockings and black shoes.

REIGNIERE.—Brown shape jacket; red waistcoat; black trousers, red stripe down the sides, and boots; black belt.

BATON.—French officer and soldier's usual uniform.

MARY.—French peasant girl—neat.

ESTELLE.—Brown coarse gown, trimmed with black.

CHILDREN.—Very poor; same as Estelle.

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Mary. Don't be in a passion, father.

Pen. Don't passion me, you hussy! You're worse than he is. What business have you to be

up and out when I told you to lie in bed and be quiet?

Mary. He made such a noise, father, I couldn't sleep.

Guil. A noise, indeed! Do you call my skill and voice a noise?

Pen. Keep farther off, sir, with your wheedling and coaxing! When you're married, sir, that's time enough. "Prudence is the mother of discretion," and "Patience is a virtue," and I don't know what you young, gay French sparks may be about. Your light wines may make you light-headed, as well as heeled; and I have a good mind to alter my mind—that is, revoke my consent, and not let you be married to-day.

Guil. You coax him a little.

Mary. Do, father, forgive me! I'll never do so any more. I'm very sorry.

Pen. Sorrow's all gammon.

Mary. Is that small text or round hand, father?

Pen. I'll small text you! Let me come out to you!

Mary. Now I shall catch it.

Guil. How can you go on so?

Mary. Oh, I don't care! He's a good-natured daddy, only he's vexed at being disturbed out of his sleep. But that was your fault, you know.

BONNEAUD, *from window*, R. H.

Bon. What is all this about? What, out, you will-o'-the-wisp! I thought I had hid the key.

Guil. Here's my father, now!

PENDALUM, *from cottage*, L. H.

Pen. What, they've roused you too, eh, neighbour? Well, I'm glad I'm not the only one.

Bon. You needn't expect the blossoms of spring to be like the ripened fruits of autumn, neighbour.

Pen. I don't know that; I like everything systematic. Things in life ought to go as regular as an eight-day clock. Dead and gone Mrs. P. and me, we made no difference before marriage, and afterwards we were like two chronometers, never varied a second; her feelings vibrated with my own—hot and cold—morning and noon, the same; she was the main-spring of my affection. Thus we jogged through life, one day the same as the other; and with conscience as the regulator, reflection as the chain, and self-examination as the key, we wound up our little concerns every night, ready to go the same round every day.

Bon. Ah, you're a happy man, neighbour!

Pen. I was when Mrs. P. was here to share my joys.

Bon. But she's happy now, I trust.

Pen. There she lies, in that churchyard.

Mary. Aye; and an epitaph that you composed yourself, father.

Pen. Aye, that's true; but I've never been *composed* since.

Mary. You're not angry *now*, are you, father? (*Coaxing him.*)

Pen. Ah, bless you, you've got just the wheedling ways of poor dead and gone Mrs. P.!

Guil. Then to-day we shall be happy, after all.

Pen. What a difference there is between being married and going to be married! I warrant you won't be up at the same time by-and-by.

Guil. I should hope not, indeed!

Mary. You must make allowances, you know, father.

Pen. Well, well, there, you vixen, I consent. I join your hands, and may you be as happy as I was with my dear Mary. Aye, you will never see the days that she saw. Happy England! I should like before I die to see my native land once more—the soil that gave me birth—where I was born and bred, lived and thrived, married, and did well; and where you was born, my Mary, No. 22, Bowling Green Lane, near the workhouse—delightful spot—in the parish of Clerkenwell, near the House of Correction.

Bon. Rather a confined spot, I should think, neighbour.

Pen. Not at all, bless you—quite open always. Mrs. P. used to say the air was very salubrious—a churchyard in the front, a carpenter's shop at the back, Bridewell on the left, the workhouse on the right, with liberty of walking into either if you pleased. What could you wish for more? Ah, there's nothing like old England after all! That's the place for liberty.

Guil. What, have people more liberty there than anywhere else, father-in-law?

Pen. More, indeed; I believe you! Why, by only paying about three-and-sixpence they'll let you go all over Westminster Abbey for nothing. That's the place for liberty! How travelling and living in a country makes a revolution in one's feelings. What would my old neighbours say now, whom I used to meet at the "Adam and Eve," and "Pickled Egg," if they knew that Peter Pendalum was living in France, and was going to have a French son-in-law. Why, I recollect, we all used to think Frenchmen a set of frog-eaters!

Guil. Frog eaters?

Pen. Yes; and that knew nothing, when, hang me, if they ain't just the same and as good as other people.

Bon. Ah, it's a great pity that two nations, the best informed in Europe, should ever be set to loggerheads, when by their union no people could be happier, and then they might defy the world.

Pen. So they might; and let us hope, some future day, they'll take an example from us; and though I do like my native country, as every Briton ought——

Bon. As I like mine?

Pen. Yes; I think that the son of a Frenchman and the daughter of an Englishman will make as happy a match as the offspring of any other country.

Bon. Bravely spoken!

Pen. Oh, I can do the thing now and then, as Mrs. P. used to say. I'll now write over the door with a piece of chalk, "That there's no school"—put my birch into my pocket, and the young fry shall have a holiday and sugar plums.

Bon. And you, my children, go into the corn-fields—pursue your daily work, as is the custom of our country. I too will go to old Baltabert the miller, who lives on the outskirts of the forest, pay him for grinding the last quarter of corn, and——

Guil. Law, father, can't you go to-morrow?

Bon. No, my boy, I faithfully promised it him. He is poor, and I know the money will be of service to him; besides, he is my old friend, and I shall bring him back to enjoy the wedding. So away with you, my children! Guillaume, you go to the fields—labour sweetens pleasure. [*Exit Guillaume and Mary*, U. E.] You, neighbour Pendalum, see that

everything is properly set in motion while I'm away. Now for my best hat and coat.

[*Exit into cottage*, R. H.

Pen. Hav'n't you got a large piece of chalk for me to write up —— Hang me if he isn't gone; making me master of the ceremonies, yet leaving me without any ceremony! But never mind, I think I understand the thing. Not much trouble in providing—provisions here are as plentiful as blackberries are in England—we sow and grow what we eat. Exchange is no robbery, buying is out of the question, and nothing here goes upon tick but the watches.

[*Exit into cottage*, L. H.

SCENE II.—*A Wood, cut and close.*

Enter REIGNIERE, *through the centre, in alarm.*

Reig. I thought I heard footsteps; and each limb trembles as if I had already done some deed of blood! But why do I fear? Shall the wife of an old soldier die of want? These hands, as yet, are honest, and hard with toil; but now I've no home—tyranny and ambition have made desolate my only place of refuge. Revenge—revenge! My wife's despair prompts me to the deed! Ah, and my poor children! They call on their father. Shall they, too, perish? As I left the remains of my wretched hovel, one cried for food, and clung to my knee; but I had not a crust to give it. Ha, this path has been trodden on! I'll further into the forest, and there, amidst its gloom, await the coming of my prey!

[*Exit*, L. H. U. E.

Enter NAPOLEON, L. H., *in his military cloak. Musing abstractedly, occasionally takes snuff-box from his pocket, which shows part of his dress.*

Nap. Should Prussia coalesce, and Saxony violate, then—— Ah, but it never shall be! Already have I Poland, Austria, the Confederation. Denmark and Holland are at my feet, and my brother sits secure at Naples. Spain too. Shall I, who have carried my arms over the Alps, and amid the burning sands of the East, tamely sit and see a puny power, a spot upon the earth, oppose my might, and dare to draw the line where I shall place my foot, and hem me within the limits of her designs? Never! The star of my destiny shines with double splendour, and though the clouds of the North obscured it for a while, still will I break these trammels that are laid to enthral me, and, like the eagle, soar the highest of the high! But where have I wandered? Lost in contemplation, my reverie has carried me further than I intended; and I seem to have strayed out of the main path. No matter, we often do so in life! Did we all pursue an even course, there would be less fools and fewer knaves. Some men like to be, and some must be, like it or not, the stepping-stones to another's fortune—like asses, some carry the burden, while others drive. It is so, it ever has been so, and ever will be. We cannot alter the laws of nature, the will of destiny! A few short years back, and what was I? An humble citizen, of a still humbler province; and now I am—what the fools of one party, the cowardice of another, and my own ambition—my destiny have made me.

(*Takes snuff.*)

Re-enter REIGNIERE.

Reig. Ah, am I thus recompensed!

Nap. How goes the time? Ah, so late! Then I must return.

(*Going*, L. H., *Reigniere stands before him.*)

Reig. Stand!

Nap. What would you have?

Reig. Money to buy me bread.

Nap. Who are you, that you thus dare to interrupt my path?

Reig. A wretch! One who is reduced to the last extremity of want, misery, and despair.

Nap. You seem strong and healthy, why not work?

Reig. I have worked; these hands, whose sinews are knotted with hard toil, prove I have been no idler.

Nap. Then, why turn robber?

Reig. Because others have robbed *me!* The minions of a public scourge set upon me; the soldiers, or rather the plunderers of the Imperial army, broke open the door of my peaceful habitation, and stripped it of all I had, and when I complained, set the fire-brand to it, and levelled it with the earth.

Nap. Your name!

Reig. It is registered on the rolls of those who have fought for their country!

Nap. Begone, and learn obedience!

Reig. Drive not a desperate man to a desperate deed! Thy life I want not, but thy gold I must have! A few more minutes and its service may not be required. Two days and they have tasted no food.

Nap. Here! 'Tis my watch! (*Gives it.*)

Reig. Ah, confusion! Take it back! Its value renders it useless. I must have money, something to purchase bread.

Nap. I have none!

Reig. 'Tis false! (*Attempts to seize him.*)

Nap. Stand off! (*Aside.*) Must I, who have conquered thousands, tamely submit to be rifled by one?

Reig. This bauble I want not—your gold I must and will have. (*Seizes him.*)

Enter BONNEAUD, R. H. U. E.

Bon. Ah, what is this I see? A traveller being robbed, and perhaps worse.

Reig. Ah, surprised!

Bon. Submit, or hang me if I don't make you.

Reig. Hold, on your life's peril!

(*Presents a pistol.*)

Bon. Do you think I'm afraid of you?

Reig. Ah, then!

[*Presents his pistol. Napoleon wrests it from him, and, as Bonneaud still menaces him, Napoleon waves his hand for him to retire. Reigniere rushes off*, R. H. U. E.

Bon. Shall I pursue him? Hang him, I warrant he won't escape if I go after him!

Nap. Stay, stay! I thank you, let him go, his wife and children have had no food, he said, these two days. Let him go—I forgive him.

Bon. You do! What, forgive the man that has robbed you and would, perhaps, have murdered you?

Nap. He said that necessity compelled him.

Bon. Necessity! Necessity compel a man to rob

and murder another. That's a bad word, master, that neeessity. I'm a poor man, and have been poorer, but I never robbed any neighbour nor ever thought of doing him the slightest harm, though I have neighbours who are much richer than myself, and some not so pleasant and good-hearted as they might be. But there is a providence above who tells us in our afflictions not to repine, but to bear with content our lot here, and that, for patience and humility, there is a reward hereafter.

Nap. But have you never felt an impulse—a desire—a something that urged you—a—a—kind of neeessity?

Bon. Yes, to do a *good* action, not a *bad* one. If I plunge into a stream, as I did once, to save the life of an individual, then I feel that something—that desire—that impulse. My heart is in a glow, but I never feel the same impulse or desire to thrust a fellow creature into the stream. No, no, the good man has it here—(*his heart*)—and here. (*Touching his forehead.*) His heart's blood tells him what his right, and his conscience is a witness to the deed. If he does a bad act it haunts him to the day of his death. If the baneful laws of necessity were true, vice and virtue, justice and injustice, have no meaning, and good and evil are the same.

Nap. And Titus and Nero stand on a level. What are you?

Bon. A poor farmer.

Nap. I wish I had been one.

Bon. Ah, sir, our cottage is lowly, but we are happy, for we are content! This is my son's wedding day, and all the villagers are coming to give him joy and to pass the time in mirth and dancing. I warrant the scene will soon enliven you.

Nap. (*Musing and taking snuff.*) If the laws of necessity were vice and virtue——

Bon. Come, sir—come!

Nap. Justice and injustice——

Bon. If I have——

Nap. Were the same, and——

Bon. This way!

Nap. (*Unconsciously taking his arm.*) Yet—— Hum!

[*Exit*, 1 E. R. H.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I. Table set out with viands.*

PENDALUM *discovered seated*, L. H.

Pen. Well, here I am, all alone! I couldn't go with them to the same church where poor Mrs. P. is buried. May they be happy! I wouldn't disturb the harmony of the scene. Smiles and tears, honey and mustard, should not be mixed together. How wonderful are the vicissitudes of life! The more I think of it, it becomes the more wonderful. I'm lost in a labyrinth, as if I was in Hornsey Wood. Fifteen years ago last Shrove Tuesday—I shall never forget it, for I had pancakes for dinner—as I was returning home, it was in the evening, I was waylaid and kidnapped by a set of marauders, hurried on board the tender ship, where I soon experienced tough work, for in less than eight-and-forty hours I was sent to sea, was in an engagement, was taken prisoner and in a French dungeon before I hardly knew what it was all about. However, they soon let me out on my patrol of honour, as they call it, that means that they set a watchman over me that I shouldn't escape back again to Bowling Green Lane. So I wrote to my dear wife, Mrs. Pen, as I abbreviatedly used to call her, to come over the briny ocean to me, and, not knowing what to do, for they make watches in this country cheaper than I could make the cases, we set up a school together after the Lancasterian system, and my wife the little girls, after the Bell system; and we thrived and did well, and I should have been happy had not Mrs. P. one day died. The wheel of life stopped, death put out his long hand, and my poor Mary was obliged to strike, though, I must confess, she was an excellent repeater. Ah, and if she hadn't left an image of herself, a little Mary, behind, nothing should have mollified me all my life. But what is the use of moralizing? My tears have besprinkled Mrs. P.'s grave, and violets and buttercups spring from the moisture, and here have I remained a solentary and disconsolate *widow* ever since.

Enter REIGNIERE, R. H. U. E., *hastily.*

Reig. (*Takes hold of Pendalum's hand.*) Hush, hush! Here's wealth for thee! I want food—bread!

Pen. What! Dear me! Food, bread wealth! What did you say?

Reig. That I want bread. Quick, I say, bread, bread! These lips are parched; and see—see you not my wife?

Pen. No, nor confound me if I wish to see her.

Reig. How pale she looks! Quick, quick, here's this for thee. (*Gives watch.*)

Pen. I don't want your—whatever it is.

Reig. (*Sees provisions.*) Ah, providence, I thank thee! (*Seizes a loaf, &c.*)

Pen. Why, he's taking away all the bread, and the cold fowl! Here'll be a pretty mess. They'll think I've eat it all. I wish they hadn't left me in charge. I'll cry out mur—ur—ur—— Hang me if I can get a word out!

Reig. Now, Estelle, I come! My child, too, sleep till your father returns—I have bread for you! Hush, hush! Cling not to my knees! Ha, ha!

[*Laughs hysterically, and exit*, R. H. U. E.

Pen. I'm very glad he's gone. Talk of English freedom, hang me if this isn't taking French leave with a vengeance. What's this he's put into my hand? A—what—a watch—a gold one—and set with diamonds—and worth fifty—aye, perhaps a hundred guineas, and only for some bread too and a chicken. My knees tremble. I begin to have my suspicions—he's a robber—perhaps a murderer—and I shall be taken up for having the stolen property on my person. Oh, I'll call old Mrs. Bonneaud, she shall be witness that I'm *sole-ass.* Dame Bonneaud!

Enter DAME BONNEAUD, *from cottage*, R. H.

Dame. Are they returned? Aye, my son, my grandson, and granddaughter!

Pen. Here'll be a grand blow up.

Dame. Don't blow 'em up, neighbour, on their wedding-day, you know.

Pen. You see I'm here, don't you?

Dame. To be sure I do? I'm not so dumby as you may think, neighbour; though I am eighty-two—last—last February, I think it was.

Pen. You see this watch, don't you!

Dame. La, what a handsome watch! Your own making—all your own doing, eh?

Pen. Doing, indeed! It will be my undoing.

Dame. A present to the bride! Well, well!

Pen. Yes, it will be a present to *Bridewell!* Well, indeed!

Dame. Ah, I think I hear their pipes and tabors in the distance!

Pen. What shall I do? Shall I tell all about it or conceal it?

(*Guillaume, Mary, and Villagers, crossing the bridge.*)

Dame. Here they come—here they come! If my legs were as young as yours, neighbour, I'd soon run and meet 'em.

Pen. (*Aside.*) I wish I could run into Bowling Green Lane.

Enter MARY, GUILLUAME, *and* VILLAGERS, L. H. U. E.

Mary. Ah, father!

Guil. Ah, father-in-law! Ah, grandmother!

Mary. Ah, grandmother-in-law!

Guil. But where's my own father?

Mary. Ah, where's father-in-law?

Pen. Why, wasn't he with you at the wedding? You know he said he'd be there, though I didn't go.

Dame. What, what, what!

Guil. Nothing, grandmother.

Mary. Nothing, grandmother-in-law.

Villager. Surely nothing has happened.

Mary. We waited a long time.

Guil. Yes, and thought that, being rather tired, he had come home, and was with you.

Pen. Oh, no! What shall I say? I mustn't throw cold water on their wedding-day; and if I mention about the gentleman and the watch——

Guil. Watch!

Mary. What's that you said, father, about watch?

Pen. Watch—watch! Why, I said I dare say you'd see your father—that is, your father-in-law—if you'd *watch.*

Guil. I wish he had gone to the miller's another day. If he don't soon return, I'll go after him.

BONNEAUD *and* NAPOLEON *seen on the bridge.*

Mary. There he is—there he is; and with old Baltabert the miller, too!

Guil. So it is; my heart's fifty pounds lighter.

Dame. What is it, my son?

Mary. Yes, grandmother-in-law; here he is—here he is, and all safe!

Guil. Ah, father, father, let's run and meet him!

Bon. (*On the bridge.*) Ah, my children, I'll be with you! It's all over, I see.

Pen. I wish it was all over; there's nothing for them to eat.

Guil. But that don't look like the miller.

Pen. But I know who it does look like, though. (*Aside.*) One of the banditti. I'll have my eyes about me, however.

(*Bonneaud and Napoleon come forward in centre.*)

Mary. It is a stranger.

Nap. But a friend that will be, I hope.

Dame. Ah, sir, the best friend a poor person has is his own industry and a clear conscience!

Bon. With the kind hand of providence, eh, mother?

Dame. Yes, my son, we should be poor creatures indeed without the hand of providence; but with all that, every man has his own choice. There is a high road and a bye road, as there is a day and night—the honest man walks abroad at day, while the rogue prowls about in the dark.

Nap. You are quite moralizers here.

Bon. No offence, I hope, sir. She is my mother. We are poor people, and our morality is nearly all the stock we have.

Pen. (*Aside.*) How abstracted he seems! I have my suspicions. He didn't seem half to like about the high road and the bye road. I'll be on the watch! Perhaps a fellow rogue in disguise. I'll give him a prober! High roads and bye roads! Aye, great many high roads and bye roads in life. No bad idea; wolves and sheep—honest men and thieves—fools and tyrants, &c., &c., higgledy, piggledy—mixed up together, as it were; but the honest heart has nothing to fear, or, as we say, "Honesty is the best policy," small text, and "A guilty conscience needs no accuser," round hand.

Nap. What is that you say, sir?

Pen. Merely quoting one of my round hand copies.

Bon. Mr. Pendalum, my neighbour, formerly watch and clock maker.

Pen. Hush! (*Pointing to Napoleon.*)

Nap. A singular situation this.

(*smiles, takes snuff. Pendulum is on the point of taking a pinch, when he shuts the box; apologises, and offers the box.*)

Pen. Sir, I thank you. (*Aside.*) My suspicions increase! Great cloak, diamond snuff-box! I'll be bold. Handsome box, sir.

Nap. I'm glad you think so.

Pen. (*Aside.*) I've no doubt on't: this is that fellow's colleague. Some nobleman has been murdered; the property corresponds, and the box is this one's share of the plunder. But, mum, "Wisdom is the parent of prudence and discretion," small hand—"Caution is requisite," round text—"Perseverance," large hand. May I ask of what country you are?

Nap. Neither of Kamscatchka or Helveotsluys. In a man there's nothing so contemptible as an impertinent curiosity. You are an Englishman, I believe; therefore I respect you, though you profess singularities that might offend some; but to condemn a whole people by the specimen of one, is an error which travellers frequently make, and this country is not the least so reflected upon. Persons—that is, the superficial—condemn and laugh at the French as a whole, because they meet with two or three fools, who, for the amusement of themselves and that of others, play the mountebank.

Bon. You are right, and I am proud to hear such manly sentiments fall from your lips.

Nap. Enough! Believe me, there is no person can stand higher in my opinion than an Englishman.

Bon. I am sure you will excuse my neighbour's inquiry. Here are the young ones waiting for the dance; and now, sir, you being a stranger, shall sit, as is customary, at the head of the table, and preside over the festival.

Nap. As I believe *it is* the custom, I will do it; but I believe, too, in such cases, it is the custom also to make the bride a present. Now, unfortunately, I have nothing but my snuff-box and a coin or two of no value left; that gentleman who stopped me in the wood having taken that which should have been the present, my watch.

Pen. A watch, did you say?

Nap. A watch!

Pen. A gold one?

Nap. Yes, and set with diamonds!

Pen. A ribbon, with one seal and a key?

Nap. The same!

Bon. Why, neighbour, you seem to know all about it.

Pen. But, hang me, if I wanted to know anything about it. Hear me—my heart's, as that yonng dog said, fifty pounds lighter—a robber fellow just now, before you all came, when I was standing all alone here, and solo—lillo—quissing about the vicissitudes of life, came in like a spectre, or like a devil; talked about, hush, hush; gave me a watch, as hush money, I snppose, took the eatables off the table there, and then——

Mary. What then, father?

Pen. Why then he went.

Bon. It's strange!

Nap. Not at all; it is now evident the poor wretch did not want money, but food. It is *my* watch, let it be given to the bride. I would give fifty times its value could I meet with him, who could thus risk his life for a meal.

Bon. (*Aside.*) Fifty times the sum! Who can this be? His conduct is most strange, and the watch is set with diamonds, too.

Pen. (*To Bonneaud.*) I have it! Some spy it must be.

Bon. Psha! Spy indeed! Some nobleman, more likely; yet, 'tis strange!

Nap. (*Going to table.*) Here is wine, I see!

Pen. Oh, yes, he left the wine; how thoughtful!

Nap. Then *we* will drink it, and let each fill up a bumper; and after drinking the healths of the bride and bridegroom, let us drink to the unfortunate; and may the hand of the powerful be the first to forgive and the last to resent.

Bon. Spoken like an emperor! Now, my lads and lasses, a bumper. Come, neighbour, did you hear the sentiment? A sentiment that should banish care and snspicion from every breast.

Pen. But, then, who is he? I like everything systematic.

Bon. Come, come, the toast! Now, my lads and lasses, here's to the health of the bride and bridegroom, and of the unfortunate; and may the hand of the powerful be the first to forgive and the last to resent. Now for the dance.

(*Dance, then music. Corporal and Men appear on the bridge.*)

Villagers. The soldiers—the soldiers!

Mary. (*To Guillaume.*) Stand aside—stand aside!

(*Screen him.*)

Enter BATON *and Men.*

Baton. (*Reads a paper.*) "In the name of the Grand Emperor, King of Italy, and Chief of the Confederation of the Rhine—this is to proclaim that all males, from the age of fifteen to fifty-five, and not incapacitated by sickness or loss of limb, are instantly to appear, and fall into the ranks of the Imperial Army, and all attempts at concealment or evasion will be punished with death."

Guil. It is of no use, Mary—you heard the proclamation—concealment is death.

Mary. Alas, is this the reward of all my hopes and fears?

Baton. Your age, young man, and name?

Guil. Guillaume Bonneaud! My age, twenty!

Baton. (*Writes.*) Guillaume Bonneaud, aged twenty. And pray who is that person sitting there? Is he aged or infirm, that he thus avoids the summons?

Pen. (*Aside.*) Not a bad opportunity to out with my suspicions; at least, we shall find out who he is. (*To Baton.*) Oh, he's neither old nor lame, he's a stranger to us, and it's my opinion he's some foreign spy! He has a snuff-box in his pocket set with diamonds.

Baton. Ah, say you so? Does no one know his name or place of abode?

Pen. I know I don't, and I can answer the same for the rest.

Baton. (*To Napoleon.*) I understand you are a stranger here, if so, it is my duty to demand your passport.

Nap. (*Apart.*) Then I see I am not recognised. Shall I at once declare myself or humour this affair?

Baton. Your passport, sir?

Nap. I have none.

Baton. Then you are my prisoner.

Nap. Be it so!

Baton. You are suspected of being a spy. At headquarters, before our marshal, you must answer more explicitly or take the consequences.

Nap. (*Abstractedly.*) Hannibal conquered Flaminius, and Scipio conquered Hannibal, and—— Was that destiny or chance? Who am I now? The world's a pack of cards where kings and knaves are shuffled together, and the knaves may be uppermost.

Baton. It is necessary we should be proceeding.

Bon. Guillaume, my boy!

Guil. My father!

Mary. I will go with you—they shall not part us!

Guil. Mary, my country calls me. The love I bear you, the duty I owe to my father, must both be sacrificed when honour calls me to the field.

Bon. Nobly spoken. But I had hoped, my boy, your services had not been wanted. Two of my boys have already laid down their lives, and my third to be torn from me when I could have wished—— (*Wiping his eyes.*)

Nap. Do you make no distinctions?

Baton. None! The law is imperative.

Bon. I cannot help it. It is hard, in my declining years, to have the only prop of my old age torn from me, and thus suddenly. But 'tis the law and 'tis our duty to obey.

Nap. (*Apart.*) Is glory and ambition purchased so dearly.

Baton. Prepare to march, the night is coming on!

Bon. I will follow you, my boy, and if the tears of an old man——

Baton. They will be of no avail. The country wants men, and men must be had.

Bon. Stranger, this is a trying scene, and I would have wished it had not happened.

Nap. Remember your own words—"not to repine in our afflictions, bnt bear with content our present evils," soon they may be alleviated. Reward and hononr ever crown the noble mind. Come, come, the sun may rise to-morrow even brighter than it did to-day.

(*The scene closes on the picture. Mary on the arm of Guillaume, and Napoleon encouraging Bonneaud to support his afflictions.*)

SCENE IV.—*Same as Scene II.*

Enter REIGNIERE, *in haste*, L. H.

Reig. I have escaped them! Dearly have I earned this bread. Fear pursues me every step I take—not for myself, but should I be intercepted, my wife and poor children must die for want. I hear noises! (*Drum.*) 'Tis the drum which strikes like a death knell upon mine ear. (*Thunder.*) Ah, the elements are at war! They come! Now, Estelle!

[*Exit*, R. H.

Enter BATON, GUILLAUME, MARY, PENDALUM, BONNEAUD, *and* NAPOLEON, L. H.

Pen. I don't know whether this is exactly systematic or not. I didn't at all agree that I should march through this wood.

Mary. Oh, my Guillaume!

Guil. Cheer up. Certainly it's not very pleasant; but who knows what may happen? Don't you remember Lavois, how he returned with gold, with medals, and honours?

Mary. Aye, but Andalet, our neighbour's son, never returned.

Nap. (*To Baton.*) We have not much further to go, I believe, sir? Ah, if I remember right, this is the spot where you, my friend, fortunately came to my assistance this morning!

Pen. What! Is this the place where you were robbed, then? How many were there?

Baton. Robbed! Who robbed?

Nap. Proceed, sir, this is not the place for examination. Hereafter you may know more.

Baton. You are impertinent, methinks.

Nap. Do you duty, sir, and no more. Onward, I say!

Baton. I know my duty and shall do it. March!

[*Exeunt*, R. H.

SCENE V.—*Reigniere's Hut, partly destroyed by fire. Lamp faintly burning. A child on a couch covered with straw*, L. H.

ESTELLE *discovered watching it. The wind occasionally heard, with distant thunder.*

Louise. Is my brother asleep, mother?

Est. Hush! Poor innocent, you little know the cares of a troubled world, the anxieties of a father, and the watchings of a mother in misery. The glow of health crimsons thy cheek, and thy dreams are dreams of Paradise. May angels for ever watch over thee, and protect thee when thy mother can no longer look on thee, and shed the tear of sorrow over thy slumbers.

Louise. Will father soon be back, mother?

Est. Very soon, my dear. Why do you ask?

Louise. I am so faint.

Est. Patience, child—patience! I know thou art hungry.

Louise. I was, mother, but I am not now. I am so cold.

Est. Come to thy mother's arms. (*Thunder.—Part of the hut falls, and discovers the moon, now and then eclipsed by flitting clouds. Louise faints.*) Gracious Powers, my child! Ah, its frame is as cold as death, and its pulse has ceased to vibrate! Husband, husband, husband! Heaven protect me! (*Falls.*)

Enter REIGNIERE, *door in flat.*

Reig. Ah, what does mine eyes behold? Has the shaft shot home? Have I, then, come too late? Is't sleep or death? Well, well. Estelle—wife—— Oh, torture, agony! Ah, she breathes! Then do I live.

Est. (*Partly rising.*) He'll soon return. I know he will not leave me. Here's bread! Ah, the iron hand of justice has seized him! They bear him from me! He but did it to save his poor starving children—dying children! Take—take the drop back again. I would not see him lose the minutest drop of blood for all the gold that would buy the world. Here, take—take——

(*Falls into her husband's arms.*)

Reig. Misery, misery! Curses on the minions that watched my footsteps and delayed my coming.

(*Bathes her temples, puts liquor in a horn, and applies it to her lips.*)

Est. (*Reviving.*) My child—my child!

Reig. Ah, my child, my poor Louise! Has her spirit then fled from this scene of woe?

Est. She is cold, but her heart still beats. Quick, quick! (*They apply cordial, she revives.*)

Reig. Ah, returning life brings more joy to this afflicted breast than I thought it could ever have felt!

Est. She breathes again—she lives—joy, joy!

(*Clasps her hands in thanks, Reigniere breaks bread. They are going to eat, when music is heard.*)

Reig. Hark! Some soldiers on their march! Ah, they come nearer—nearer still! They are, perhaps, in pursuit of me!

Baton. (*Without.*) Halt!

Reig. They must not come in! That old chest.

(*Estelle tries to move it and fails, Louise falls at the door.*)

Baton. Open this wretched hovel, if there's anybody alive in it. Don't you hear the storm?

Reig. Hush! You answer! Ask—ask who they want.

Est. Whom do you seek?

Baton. We want shelter, and must come in!

Est. We are poor and wretched, and have no accommodation.

Reig. Say, further on they will find a place better suited, and more commodious.

Est. Further on you will find an abode more commodious. We have no fire.

Pendalum. (*Without.*) Oh, I'm in a most dreadful condition! Here's the rain pelting down, and I shall die of the rheumatics.

Baton. (*At window.*) What's all this fuss about? Don't you see we are soldiers?

Reig. Ask if they are in search of anyone; if they are, then will I sell my life dearly as possible.

(*Cocks a pistol.*)

Est. If you are in search of anyone—a deserter, or any other person—there is nobody secreted here.

Baton. Don't alarm yourself, good woman, we are in search of no one, and but want shelter.

Enter BATON, PENDALUM, GUILLAUME, BONNEAUD, *and* NAPOLEON, *at door in flat.*

Reig. (*Seeing them, presents his pistol.*) 'Tis he! The wolves have traced me! I am the robber!

Pen. That's the man! That's one at least.

Bon. Ah, it is the robber that attacked the stranger!

Baton. Indeed! Oh, ho! Then this accounts for

his tardiness in opening the door! Soldiers, do your duty.

Reig. I fear you not; misery and despair have made me desperate.

Est. Oh, spare him—spare my husband!

Louise. Oh, spare my father!

Baton. Soldiers, seize him, or fire!

Nap. Stay! Would you make the innocent suffer for the guilty? Why this violence? 'Tis true he did rob me, and by that has forfeited his life. But suppose I insist not on his apprehension?

Baton. Apart from that, he now stands condemned for lifting his hands against a military power. I will not be opposed! If he will not submit, fire, I say!

(*Soldiers present. Estelle rushes between.*)

Est. If ye will fire, then shall each ball pass through my heart!

Nap. Obstinate man! By your dress you seem to have belonged to a regiment.

Reig. I did; to one who fought for its adopted country and its king. I am a Swiss. Now you have my answer.

Nap. Then you composed one of the body-guard of Louis XVI.?

Reig. You're right; and fought and defended my noble master, till the numbers—not the courage of the rebels—drove us from our post.

Nap. If so faithful a servant, why not serve the present emperor?

Reig. What, after being a loyal subject, to serve an usurper!

Nap. An usurper! What has he done to deserve that title?

Reig. Enough to hand down with detestation, to the latest hour of posterity, a name that will be ever repeated with horror. Is not his ambition as insatiable as a miser's avarice? Has he not for years deluged the world with bloodshed? Is not each step he takes marked with the desolating curse of the locust? Is not the whole world a sepulchre of thousands who have blindly followed his ambition? Do not mothers bewail the loss of their husbands, fathers of children, and children of parents?

Baton. I'll hear no more!

Nap. Let him proceed.

Reig. Look at this wretched hovel! After laying waste other countries, he has brought war into his own. This is the work of his soldiers—robbers, who, with an uncontrolled authority, plunder where they please, and because I would not yield the harvest of my hard earned toils, they set fire to my only home. See the blackened embers, and see my wife—my children! Now fire myrmidons, and obey a tyrant's will!

Baton. Insolent outrage! Must I, a soldier of the Imperial Army, patiently listen to the invectives of a madman? Yield, I say, or no longer shall clemency be shown!

Reig. Never!

Baton. Then, soldiers, do your duty.

Nap. (*Stands between.*) Hold!

Baton. And who are you that thus dare interrupt the course of justice?

Nap. One, I hope, who has the power to throw mercy into the scale.

Baton. I much question that. If you have the power, declare your name? Who are you?

Nap. (*Throws off his cloak.*) I am—what you see me.

Baton. The Emperor!

All. The Emperor!

Pen. (*Aside.*) Here's a wind up! The land of liberty, I shall never see you more. Oh, Bowling Green Lane!

Nap. Kneel not to me, but rise and imitate that man! I like the lofty spirit that dares to speak the truth. As an emperor I know I deserve much. He who is born to command is mostly feared, not loved; and posterity may hand me down as a tyrant, but as a man, I trust the actions of this night will prove that my heart is not callous to the laws of gratitude and humanity. Bonneaud, return with thy son—you shall hear from me; and Swiss, remember we may be so situated in life as not to be agreeable to everybody, yet without having the least wish to hurt anyone.

Est. (*Falls at his feet.*) Long live the Emperor!

(*Picture and flourish.*)

CURTAIN.

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS;

OR, THE RUNAWAY HORSE.

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

BY WILLIAM DIMOND.

First Performed at the Royal Haymarket Theatre, May 16th, 1803.

Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 17.

FELIX	(The Hunter of the Alps)	Mr. Elliston.
ROSALVI		Mr. Chapman.
FLORIO	(His Children)	Miss H. Kelly.
JULIO		Master Harrebone.
JERONYMO	(Major-Domo)	Mr. Matthews.
JUAN		Mr. Taylor.
BAPTISTA	(An Innkeeper)	Mr. Palmer.
MARCO		Mr. Smith.
PIETRO		Mr. Field.

CONTINUATION OF DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HELINA	(Wife of Rosalvi)	Mrs. Gibbs.
GENEVIÈVE		Mrs. Taylor.
CLAUDINE		Miss Howells.
NINETTE		Mrs. Matthews.

Hunters, Domestics, Male and Female Peasants, &c., &c.

SCENE.—A Part of the Alps between Savoy and the Valais.

TIME. — From Early Morning until Sunset.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.

COSTUME.

FELIX.—Green and gold tunic; white pantaloons; russet boots; collar and hat to match.

ROSALVI.—Brown tunic and trunks; russet boots; slouch hat.

FLORIO and JULIO DI ROSALVI.—Ditto, with black shoes.

JERONYMO.—Gray doublet, cloak, and trunks, trimmed with red and black binding; red hose; russet shoes; hat; gray hairs.

JUAN.—Gray tunic; white tights; russet boots; collar; slouch hat.

BAPTISTA.—Brown doublet, cloak, and trunks; red hose; russet shoes; red night-cap.

MARCO, PIETRO, and HUNTERS.—Green tunics; hats; pantaloons; russet boots.

PEASANTS.—Brown, gray, and drab tunics; various coloured hose; russet boots.

HELINA DI ROSALVI.—Plain brown dress.

GENEVIÈVE.—Black velvet bodice; striped petticoat; white tucker; full sleeves; gray stockings; black shoes.

CLAUDINE, NINETTE, and FEMALE PEASANTS.—Ditto, of various colours.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

SCENE I.—*A Castle Hall. Folding-doors,* C. F.

PIETRO, CLAUDINE, NINETTE, *and several* MALE AND FEMALE DOMESTICS *discovered arranging furniture, &c.* JERONYMO *walking about giving directions. Enter* JUAN *and* GENEVIÈVE, C. F.

QUARTETTO *and* CHORUS.

Pie. (R.) Speed, lads—speed! The time draws nigh.
Paulo, Carlo!
Male Domestics. (L. C.) Here am I!
Pie. Flora, Stella!
Female Domestics. (L.) Here am I!
Pie. Wipe the mirrors, chalk the floor,
Scatter blossoms round the door;
Lift this table, move that chair,
Place the gilded tripods there.
Juan. Gentle god of love, direct us,
Gen. (C.) Pilgrims to thy shrine we stray;
Young and witless, ah, protect us,
Lest we founder on the way!
Jer. (R. C.) Zounds, these women's tongues confound me!
Silence, hussies—silence, pray!
Cease your babbling, gather round me,
Mark my orders, and obey.
Chorus. Master Steward, wherefore scold us?
We'll remember all you told us.
Fault was ne'er by anger mended,
Blame not, till our tasks are ended.

Jer. (C.) That's right. Hold yourselves all in readiness. Your new master is expected every minute. Hark'ee, you set of rabble, if you behave with proper respect for my dignity, perhaps I may intercede with the signor in your behalf, and have you retained in his service.

Gen. (R. C.) Nay, father; but you have never seen him. How can you tell whether you will be retained yourself?

Jer. Pooh! Do you take the signor for a fool? Has he not given twelve thousand ducats for this estate, which would not be worth six, but for my admirable management of it? No, no; I have been steward of this estate so many years, that——

Juan. (*Aside,* L. C.) That you are no longer fit for the office.

Jer. How now? What's that you mutter? Ha, Juan, what brings you here? Have I not forbidden you ever to show your ill-looking face within these walls?

Juan. Nay, good Master Jeronymo——

Jer. Nay, good master varlet, none of your wheedling tricks with me. I command you, sirrah, to be gone!

Gen. Let me plead for him, poor fellow!

Jer. When you can call him rich fellow, I may listen to you; till then, please to be silent. I know well enough what brings him here—fetching sighs, squeezing palms, and turning the whites of his eyes outwards—but it won't do. I'll have no pauper for a son-in-law. So, my smooth-faced, sweet-spoken Master Juan, once for all, I command you to be gone!

Gen. (*Sighing.*) Oh, dear—oh, dear!

(*A bugle sounds without.*)

Jer. There, that's the signal! The signor is arrived. Now for it. Range yourselves in order, and receive him with a strain worthy of his dignity and my instructions.

Enter FELIX *and* MARCO, C. F.

DUETTO.—GENEVIÈVE *and* CLAUDINE.

Gen. (L.)
Thrice welcome, signor, to the bowers of Savoy!
In the prayers of its natives for ever live bless'd;
Each morn may the sun freshly wake you to joy,
And leave you unchanged when it rolls down the west.

Beloved and beloving, the light-footed hours,
With step that is heard not, here laughingly pass;
Old Time hide his scythe under fillets of flowers,
And scatter in air the dull sand from his glass.

Clau. (R.)
High Alps gleam around us, a rampart of rocks,
On their white dazzling summits the tempest oft roves;
Yet peacefully bleat in the valley our flocks,
And the murmur of ring-doves is heard in our groves.

Then welcome, signor, to the bowers of Savoy!
In the prayers of its natives for ever live bless'd;

Each morn may the sun freshly wake you to joy,
And leave you unehang'd when it rolls down the west!

(*The Domesties join in chorus at the end of each stanza.*)

Felix. (C.) Thank ye, good people—thank ye! Very pretty song, and very pretty female faces, eh, Marco?

Jer. (R., *apart to the Domestics.*) Now observe with what respect I shall be reeeived. (*Advancing to Felix with grotesque consequencc.*) Most renowned and illustrious signor, permit me, the humblest of all your humble servants, with the most profound humility, to introduce my unworthy person to your notice, hem! My name, sir, is Perlatti—Jeronymo Perlatti, at your service, hem! I have the honour to sustain the important functions of steward, major-domo, inspector of repairs, eomptroller of accounts——

Felix. There! I'll hear the rest some other time.

(*Felix puts Jeronymo aside. All the Domesties set up a loud laugh, which incenses him, and he retires to* R. U. E., *threatening them.*)

Felix. (*To Geneviève.*) Well, my pretty, smiling, black-eyed gentlewoman, whom may you be?

Gen. (R.) Oh, sir, I am only little Geneviève, and that's poor Juan!

Felix. Indeed! And who is he?

Gen. Nobody, as yet, sir. He wants to be my husband, but my father, Jeronymo, here, won't consent.

Felix. Do you want to be his wife?

Gen. Yes, very much indeed, sir.

Felix. Then you love each other?

Gen. Yes, dearly—truly; all our lives long!

AIR.—GENEVIÈVE.

Ah, mighty sir, if e'er your breast
Felt love's delightful fire;
If stern control your youth oppress'd,
And bade love's flame expire,
You then may guess how much I grieve,
And pity—pauvre Geneviève!

Now fondly cherish'd in my heart,
Hope fans love's trembling spark;
Ah, should it's beauteous light depart,
'Twould leave the bosom dark!
Then, mighty sir, my fears relieve,
And pity—pauvre Geneviève!

Felix. Bless her silver pipe! There's simplicity for you, eh, Marco? My pretty little syren, you have sung to some tune—I promise you my protection. Come hither, Juan.

(*Juan advances,* L. C.)

Jer. (*Stepping between them.*) Signor, permit me to explain——

Felix. Well, old gentleman, since you will be talking, what objeetion have you to this Juan for a son-in-law?

Jer. His character is abominable. (*Apart to Juan.*) Oh, you profligate!

Felix. What are his erimes?

Jer. Of the most enormous description. (*Apart to Juan.*) Oh, you depraved wretch!

Felix. But what is his principal vice?

Jer. Poverty, my lord—an unpardonable fault, and one that ineludes every lesser sin.

Felix. Is poverty your only objeetion to the youth?

Jer. Humph! I do not just at present recollect any other.

Felix. Then objeet no longer. I give Juan this day a farm upon my estate, and my musical Venus here shall receive a purse of ducats for a marriage portion. Now what say you, old gentleman?

Jer. Oh, San Dominic, that quite alters my opinion! Since your lordship is so liberal, and since your lordship desires it, far be it from me to contradict a personage of your lordship's dignity. You know, Juan, I always thought you a very good sort of a young man.

Felix. Then you eonsent?

Jer. Has not your lordship spoken it? 'Tis yours to command—your humble servant lives but to obey.

Felix. Let the wedding be celebrated this evening. (*Juan crosses to Geneviève.*) I love to see a set of joyous, smiling faces around me; and nothing sweetens the mind like matrimony—at least, during the honeymoon.

Juan. Ah, signor, you have made me happy for life!

Gen. (*Courtesying.*) And me also.

Felix. That's as it should be. Retire, then, and prepare to celebrate the wedding and my arrival together. We'll have a dance—aye, and a song, eh, Geneviève?

Domestics. Long live our generous master!

Gen. (*Courtesying with animation.*) Thank ye, sweet sir—thank ye, a thousand and a thousand times!

[*Exeunt Juan, Geneviève, Jeronymo, and Domesties,* C. D. F.

Felix. (R. C.) Well, Marco, do I not take the right road to happiness? Is not mine the way to enjoy life?

Mar. (L. C.) Ah, sir, I fear that your Indian habits of profusion have accompanied you to the shores of Europe! Do not lightly squander riches you have so dearly earned in many a hard campaign.

Felix. Marco, you are a blockhead, else you would know that riches can never be laid out to greater advantage than when they receive the interest of gratitude from virtuous hearts, or purchase the moist jewels that sparkle n the eye of pure affection.

Mar. It is in vain to argue with you on this point.

Felix. There you are right; for it is a point on which my sentiments are fixed. I have been myself, through life, the mere creature of chance—a sort of animal shuttlecock, struck off by caprice from the one side and rebounded by accident from the other; always receiving hard knocks, yet seldom injured by them. A truant fancy led me, when but an urchin, to forsake my native country. A tiny adventurer, I landed on the shores of India, with only hope, and afterwards my sword, to support me. Fortune, and a tropical sun, shone upon me at the same time. After twenty years' absence, I returned with wealth and credit to the clime which had given me birth. I found my parents in the grave, and my brother, the only relation heaven had left me upon earth, wandered away, no man knew whither. I bought this estate of a ruined noble, because I was tired of rambling, and wished at last to find a home. But still I am as a solitary link broken from Creation's chain—an odd card,

shuffled into the pack by accident, rejected by its own suit and not allowed to pair with any other.

Mar. Your brother must certainly be dead, else he would have answered the many advertisements you have inserted for him in the public journals.

Felix. I fear so, too. Therefore, Marco, as I have no relation of my own, I am resolved to become a father to all the little children upon my estate.

Mar. Indeed! The wives and daughters of your tenants are greatly beholden to you for your intentions.

Felix. Pshaw! I don't mean that. No; though I am a great man now, my plebeian education will always prevent me from becoming a seducer. Somehow or other chance never flings a pretty innocent in my way but conscience steps between to keep me from temptation, and a still voice whispers from within me, "Fair rose, you bloom and smell sweetly on the bush where nature has planted you. Mine shall not be the hand to pluck you hence then cast you off to wither on the ground!"

Mar. Ah, sir——

Felix. And "Ah, Marco"! Here we are in the shades of retirement, surrounded by the Alps, and at twenty leagues' distance from the capital. Now, then, for a taste of country pleasures! How shall we begin? What are the amusements here?

Mar. The chase, sir, is the most general diversion.

Felix. Umph! That's a diversion that sometimes ends in breaking one's neck, isn't it? I never went hunting but once, that was in India—a tiger hunt—then I went in splendour, mounted on an elephant. But I daresay I should like this, so give directions for the chase directly.

Mar. What, sir, immediately after a long journey?

Felix. Tush, man! We cannot enjoy the country too soon. I never lived till now. My day is just at its meridian, and I cannot afford to lose a single minute! Away. [*Exit Marco*, C. D. F.] Here, then, I am, after twenty years of wandering, quietly seated at home. Noble house—beautiful grounds—splendid retinue—and all my own! Ah, how sweetly that phrase, "my own," sounds upon a man's ear, when it is applied to the good things of this world! Now, if I had only a comely, well-disposed woman for a wife, and two or three dozen of rosy-cheeked children to dandle on my knee, I should be content. Yes, then, indeed, "my own" would sound delightfully! Yet, after all that we talk of fine estates and fine children—lud, lud, where is the man who, with certainty, can call them his own?

SONG.—FELIX.

For worms when old Bibo prov'd delicate fare,
And was neatly dish'd up by the sage undertakers,
Then Bibo, the junior, succeeded as heir
To his plate and his bullocks, his oaks and his acres.
But queer was his fate,
In pawn was the plate,
And a curs'd heavy mortgage lay on the estate!
"Aha!" quoth young Bibo, "in fashion I'm grown,
I've a monstrous fine income I can't call my own."

Young Bibo was flighty—a wife he abhorr'd,
But steward grew crusty, and cash wasn't plenty;
An alliance he form'd with a mighty rich lord,
And married his daughter, who scarce had told twenty.
The lady was gay!
Honeymoon pass'd away,
But children grew thick as the buds on the spray.
"Aha!" quoth young Bibo, "in fashion I'm grown,
I've many fine babies I can't call my own."

Young Bibo grew desperate—gamed very deep,
And friends while cash lasted came faster and faster;
To hazard all night would he sacrifice sleep,
And oft would he groan at the sweet merry caster.
But cash at an end,
He tried ev'ry friend,
And a devil a one a brass farthing would lend.
"Aha!" quoth young Bibo, "in fashion I'm grown,
I've friends to my vice, but no friends of my own!"

[*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Inside of a Miserable Cottage. A door*, C. F., *leading to the forest. The door of a bedroom*, L. *Two stools, a table and hour-glass*, R. C.

HELENA DE ROSALVI *discovered seated*, R. C., *pensively watching the hour-glass.*

Hel. (*Raising the glass.*) Yes, the last sand has run! 'Tis almost mid-day, and Rosalvi is not yet returned. Oh, interval of tormenting suspense! My husband, have you obtained for your wretched family that slender pittance which their pressing wants demand? (*Looking out towards the forest*, C. D. F.) Ah, no! Still he returns not; and these children—these dear children, whose sleep I have endeavoured to prolong—they still slumber in blessed ignorance of those miseries which have banished repose from the pillow of their parents! Ye beloved innocents, unbroken be your rest; for sleep is the most precious gift that heaven can bestow on the unhappy.

AIR.—HELENA.

Friend of the wretch, who claims no other friend,
Lull thou my children, oh, assuassive sleep!
In stealing stillness on their couch descend,
And bind those eyes which open but to weep.
O'er their flush'd cheeks, their fever'd bosoms breathe,
And steep the bitter cares in sweet repose;
Then twine in happy hour the poppy wreath,
With hope's white bud and fancy's thornless rose.

To fairy climes in dreams transport my boys,
And feign delights they ne'er as truths must know.
Yet, hold, vain prayer! Alas, to dream of joys
But aggravates our sense of waking woe!
So, the lorn lonely slave, whose dungeon's gloom
Spreads round his vision a perpetual night,
Mourns, as he muses on his earlier doom,
The vanish'd years of liberty and light!

Enter FLORIO DE ROSALVI *from the chamber*, L.

Flo. Good morrow, my dear mother!

Hel. (*Kissing him.*) Good morrow, my little Florio! You would better have remained longer in your bed; there is no fire yet lighted, and you will be cold.

Flo. No, mother; feel me yourself!

Hel. (*Pressing his hands.*) Ah, these little hands!

Flo. Is not my father returned yet?

Hel. No.

Flo. (*Sighing.*) What, not yet?

Hel. No, my love; but he will not delay long.

Flo. What is it o'clock?

Hel. It is not late; we must give him proper time.

Flo. (*Forcing a smile.*) Yes, yes, mother!

Hel. My poor boy, you must be very hungry!

Flo. Me! Oh, no!

Hel. You would deceive me.

Flo. You forget—I had supper last night, but you had none.

Hel. Who told you so?

Flo. Ah, did not I see you divide between my brother and myself the small remains of the loaf? And did not you afterwards turn away from us and weep? Ah, mother!

Hel. (*Aside.*) The sensibility of this dear child racks my very soul!

Flo. And do I not see you weeping even now, my dear mother?

Hel. Yes; but these are delicious drops, and soothe me while they flow.

Julio. (*Without*, L.) Mother, mother!

Hel. Hark! Your brother is awake! Go, my love, and help him to dress; afterwards, you shall fetch some dry wood from the forest, such as your father laid here in a heap yesterday.

Flo. I will go, my dear mother; but do not weep, for indeed I cannot bear that.

[*Exit into the chamber*, L.

Hel. Happy temper, never to complain, never to confess the sufferings that fall so heavily on his tender age; but freely to share with his younger brother the scanty portion of food I gave him for himself! Ah, my children, with such virtuous hearts, you cannot long remain unhappy! Hark! Someone approaches!

Enter ROSALVI, *from the forest*, C. D. F.

Ah, Rosalvi, my husband! Have you succeeded? What do you bring us?

Ros. (R. C.) Misery, contempt, despair.

Hel. (L. C.) Alas!

Ros. My petition has been everywhere rejected, and my stern employer refuses to advance any money before the end of the week.

Hel. Oh, heavens, what will become of us to-day?

Ros. I know not. For my own part I could meet my fate resigned; but when I think on you and on our children——

Hel. Rosalvi, you know I do not want courage.

Ros. I own, my dear Helena, your fortitude has surprised me often.

Hel. Yes; even when the destroying flames consumed our dwelling, and reduced our little property to ashes; when our unfeeling creditors forced us from Turin, and drove us forth in beggary to seek a refuge in this dreary solitude, amidst the forests of Savoy; through all the bitter changes of our fate, my fortitude never has deserted me, and though now misery in its worst of shapes—the form of famine—threatens to assail us, still, my husband, I can press your hand with courage, and forbid you to despair.

Re-enter FLORIO, *leading* JULIO, *from the chamber*, L.

Flo. Come, brother, father is returned!

Ros. (*Crossing to* C.) Good morning, my little loves! (*Aside.*) Oh, heavens, what a question will they put to me? How shall I answer them?

Flo. (*Looking round the cottage.*) You have been gone a long while.

Ros. Yes, yes, my love.

Jul. Have you brought us some breakfast? I am very hungry.

Flo. Hush, brother—hush!

Hel. My poor children! Their situation distracts me!

Ros. My loves, I have not brought you any food as yet, but in a quarter of an hour you shall have everything. (*Aside.*) Yes, by heaven, though I perish for it!

Jul. In a quarter of an hour!

Ros. Yes, yes.

Flo. Then I will go into the forest and fetch the wood now. I shall be back in time. May Julio go with me?

Hel. Yes, my love; but do not wander too far.

Flo. Oh, no; I'll take care! Come, Julio!

[*Exeunt Florio and Julia*, C. D. F.

Horns heard without, L.

Ros. Hark! The chase is abroad! The horn of the hunter sounds among the Alps. Helena, farewell for awhile! I will return with comfort to you.

Hel. Whither, Rosalvi, would you go?

Ros. Anywhere to seek relief. All bosoms cannot be closed against the prayer of misery.

Hel. Go, then, my husband, and be your prayers propitious! Still cherish hope, and remember heaven never deserts its creatures utterly, till they forfeit its protection by their crimes. Let us still be virtuous, and we may still be happy.

[*Exeunt—Rosalvi*, C. D. F., *Helena*, L. D.

SCENE III.—*The Forest. A cut wood. A bugle is heard at a distance.*

Enter FELIX, L. C. F.

Felix. So, a pretty adventure I am like to make of this! I must needs know the nature of a chase. Oh, a plague on my curiosity! I am rewarded for it. My horse runs away with me, and after amusing me for half an hour with a martyrdom of terror, tosses me into a thicket of brambles, and then leaves me to cool myself and meditate among the thorns! What will become of me in this detestable forest? What shall I do? (*The chase is heard gradually receding*, R.) The sound of the horn grows more distant every moment, and if I holloa

myself hoarse I can never make my servants hear. Then this place is so entangled and perplexed with labyrinths, that if I attempt to find my way back to the castle, 'tis ten to one but I wander further from it. Oh, Felix, Felix, what devil possessed thee to quit thy easy palanquin, and the banks of the Ganges, to mount a kicking filly in the forests of Savoy?

Enter ROSALVI, C. F.

Ros. Whither shall I turn? Every ear is deaf to the appeal of misfortune.

Felix. (*Looking about,* R.) There are so many paths, and I am such an unlucky dog, that, were there only two, I should certainly choose the wrong.

Ros. How can I return—how meet my wretched family?

Felix. And no habitation near where I could apply.

Ros. (R. C., *seeing Felix.*) Ha, a stranger, richly habited and alone! Oh, heaven, what would I do? No matter—despair is at my heart! (*Advancing.*) Stranger!

Felix. Ha, a man!

Ros. A wretched one. You are a rich one.

Felix. What do you mean?

Ros. Plunder! (*Wildly.*) Give me money!

Felix. How?

Ros. I command you! (*Presents a pistol, and stands for a moment in the attitude of fierce despair. Suddenly a sense of shame appears to predominate. He casts the weapon from him, and throws himself at the feet of Felix.*) No, no! (*In a low and subdued tone.*) I implore you!

Felix. Here's a fellow for you! Bullies and whimpers in the same breath.

Ros. Can you not feel compassion?

Felix. Yes, for the unfortunate always; but for the vicious, never!

Ros. (*In broken accents.*) You have money about you.

Felix. Aye, aye; now we come round to the old point.

Ros. You could lend——

Felix. Oh, yes; lend! (*Aside.*) This is a cut-throat of gentility!

Ros. To an honest man?

Felix. Certainly, to an honest man!

Ros. Alas, I am one! (*Faltering.*) At least, I would be so!

Felix. I perceive it. No taste for the trade at present; but it may come in time. How much money do you want me to give—I beg pardon—to lend you?

Ros. One ducat—I ask no more.

Felix. (*Taking out his purse.*) Well, here it is.

Ros. Thanks—thanks! It will preserve my wife from madness.

Felix. How! A wife? Here, take another ducat!

Ros. Bounteous heaven, my children will be saved from famine!

Felix. Children, too! Pshaw—curse it! Here, take the whole purse!

Ros. (*Pausing for a moment in speechless excess of feeling, then clasping the hand of Felix with enthusiasm.*) Friend, preserver, guardian angel, bless you—bless you! Oh, heaven bless you for ever! [*He rushes rapidly down an obscure path,* R. C., *and in a moment is lost amidst the trees.*

Felix. Hark ye! Come back! Holloa! Zounds, he's out of sight, and I am left alone in this cursed wilderness again! I think my purse might have purchased for me the attendance of a guide; but my borrowing friend vanishes before I can utter a syllable. Umph! I do not know what to make of this adventure. The man certainly is not a common robber. No; his agitation, his sighs, the blush of shame that suffused his pallid features when the pistol fell from his trembling hand, all convince me that he rather merits pity than reproach; and when so many commit dishonourable actions, whose rank in society should place them above temptation's reach, let us not wonder if a poor humble pilgrim, stumbling through life over wants and difficulties, should sometimes deviate from the open paths of honesty, and soil his feet in the dirty ways of knavery and fraud.

Florio. (*Without,* L.) Come along, brother!

Felix. Ha! Somebody comes! Another borrower, I'll be sworn; there is one in every alley of the forest.

Enter FLORIO *and* JULIO, *carrying wood,* L. C.

Flo. Brother, if that billet be too heavy, I'll carry it for you.

Jul. No; I'm a stout little fellow, and I don't mind it.

Felix. Aha, these should be only dealers in the small way! Hark ye, young ones, how far am I from the Castle of Guicherie?

Flo. Oh, signor, a long, long way; almost a league through the forest!

Felix. The devil I am! And how am I to find my way?

Flo. If you are a stranger, sir, it will be difficult; but, if you please, I will show it you myself presently.

Felix. Just what I wanted. Come, my lads, I'll reward you!

Flo. Ah, but I must carry this wood home first, sir!

Felix. Where is your home?

Flo. Only a step further; just behind yonder pine-trees. If you will have the goodness, signor, to walk with us there, I'll show you to the castle directly afterwards.

Felix. Have with you, my little pilots! You say it is not far?

Flo. What, to our cottage? Oh, no; just through the next thicket! This way, signor! (*To Julio, who is bowing to Felix.*) Do not drop the sticks, brother. This way, signor!

Felix. (*Nearly tumbling over Julio.*) Hillo, my little man, please to walk forward!

Jul. (*Bowing.*) I could not think of going before you, sir.

Felix. You are very polite.

[*Exit,* L., *followed by Florio and Julio, bowing him off.*

SCENE IV.—*The Cottage of Rosalvi, as before.*

HELINA *discovered seated,* L. C., *with* JULIO *on her knee.* FELIX *lying asleep upon a pallet,* R. C. *Enter* FLORIO *from the forest,* C. D. F.

Hel. Hush! Step softly, lest you wake the signor. Well, is your father yet in sight?

Flo. Ah, no; I have looked for him in vain

Jul. Oh, mother, isn't it a quarter of an hour yet? I am so hungry.

Hel. My love—my dear child! (*Aside.*) Oh, misery, must I behold them perish?

Felix. (*In his sleep.*) Holloa! Stop the horse! Catch the bridle! I've lost the stirrups! There; I'm off! (*Starts up confused.*)

Hel. Sir!

Felix. (R. C.) Bless me, where am I? Oh, now I recollect! Madam, I beg a thousand pardons. I find myself sitting in your snug cottage; but I dreamed I was scrambling among the brambles again.

Hel. (L. C.) I trust, sir, your slumbers have refreshed you.

Felix. Perfectly, madam; but I protest I am quite ashamed—to fall asleep in a lady's company betrays such ill manners! But, faith, I don't know how it was; the fatigue of a long journey, the agitation of my experiments in horsemanship, and my subsequent exertion among the brambles, altogether produced a sort of heavy sensation, which first made me nod, afterwards dose, and at last fall fast asleep. I protest I am so ashamed; but I hope, madam, you will pardon me.

Hel. Oh, sir, I do not believe you can easily commit an action that should require a pardon!

Felix. Madam, you are so polite! (*Aside.*) A mighty sensible sort of woman this. I should like just such a one for my wife. (*Aloud.*) Pray, madam, have I slept long?

Hel. About half an hour. While you rested I sent my children through the forest in quest of your attendants, but without success. Florio, however, is ready to become you guide, whenever you may be pleased to honour him by your commands.

Felix. I am infinitely obliged to you; but I am sorry to depart without seeing your husband.

Hel. I expect his return every moment.

Jul. Oh, dear, I wish he was come!

Hel. Hush!

Felix. I am sure I should like him, at least, if he at all resembles his family.

Hel. (*Sighing.*) He is indeed a very good and honest man.

Felix. No doubt. Faith, madam, I have slept myself into an appetite. Might I trouble you for a little refreshment before I undertake my walk?

Hel. Sir, I—I——

Felix. Oh, merely a slice of bread and a glass of your home-made wine!

Hel. Sir, I should be happy, proud, but——

Felix. Nay; I don't mind the bread being brown. I can eat anything.

Hel. I must confess to you, sir, that my husband is now gone to purchase provisions, and, till he returns, I have nothing in the house to offer.

Felix. Oh, if that be the case, hunger and I must e'en make a compromise! But, faith, now I remember, old Jeronymo would thrust a flask of cordial and a hunting-cake into my pocket before I set out. Let's see. Aye, here they are.

Julio. } (L. C.) A cake!
Florio. }

Felix. Madam, will you taste? (*She declines.*) Then my best service to you. (*Drinks.—The Children creep close to Felix eagerly.*) Well, my little friends will have some cake? Madam, will you allow me to——

Hel. (*Struggling between pride and tenderness, and drawing away Julio, lest his eagerness should betray their condition.*) Oh, sir, it is too great a luxury for them!

Felix. You won't suffer them? Well, mothers must bring up their children in their own way.

Jul. (*Mournfully.*) Ah, mother!

Felix. (*Observing the Children's looks.*) Come, madam, allow them for once, will you not?

Hel. (*Yielding to her feelings.*) Oh, yes, yes!

Felix. (*Giving Florio some cake.*) There, my love!

Flo. Thank you, sir. (*Running eagerly and giving it to Julio,* L.) Take it, brother, I am not so hungry as you are.

Felix. (*Observing them.*) Madam, you are happy in such children. (*To Florio.*) Here, my friend, take this for yourself. (*Gives the rest to Florio. The Children retire up,* L. C., *eating with avidity.*) The little rogues, how they eat! I suppose, now, they have already had three or four meals to-day?

Hel. Three or four meals! Ah, sir, the children of the poor are happy if they receive even one in the day!

Felix. Indeed! That may be true, and extreme want may sometimes drive even the virtuous upon desperate courses. For instance, the man who attacked me in the forest——

Hel. Have you been attacked, sir?

Felix. Not an hour ago.

Hel. By a robber?

Felix. Umph! Not exactly that, but a gentleman who borrows money as he passes.

Hel. You surprise me greatly. The inhabitants of this country, it is true, are poor, but honest, hospitable, and sincere, and the traveller has ever found in their guileless natures the pledge of his security.

Felix. Aye, worthy people, like your husband and yourself. But all the neighbourhood may not resemble you.

Hel. You should prefer your complaint before a magistrate. The culprit must be found and brought to justice.

Felix. I should be very sorry to have it so.

Hel. Yet, wherefore? A robber!

Felix. I did not call him so. He rather appeared to me an unfortunate man, urged by his necessities to commit actions which his heart condemned. He spoke to me of a wife and children, whom he had left starving.

Hel. (*Aside, with quick emotion.*) Ha, should it be! No, no; it cannot!

Felix. His story might be invention; but, were I certain of its truth, I should compassionate—nay, esteem him as a friend, rather than reproach him with the term of robber.

(*A shout of people heard without.*)

Hel. Hark! What cries are these?

Enter ROSALVI, *rushing in from the forest,* C. D. F. *He fastens the bolt with frantic haste, and listens.*

(*Starting.*) Ha, my husband!

Ros. Helina, save me! I am pursued! Take this purse! Conceal it!

Hel. Gold! Infamy! Pollution! Oh, my husband, what have you done? A robber!

Ros. For you—for my children! Helina, do not scorn me!

Felix. (*Exultingly,* R.) His tale was true; he is an honest man!

Ros. (L. C.) Ah, my benefactor, you only can preserve me! Do not accuse me—for the sake of these innocents, do not!

Felix. I accuse you! Look ye, my friend. I have slept soundly under this roof, and were I to

betray its owner, I should never expect to rest again beneath my own. (*An uproar is heard at the door*, C. F.) Open the door, my friend, and fear not. I will free you, even from suspicion.

(*Rosalvi opens the door.*)

Enter JERONYMO, GENEVIÈVE, JUAN, PIETRO, MARCO, *and a crowd of Vassals. They rush forward hastily*, R. *and* L.

Jer. (L.) Now we have caught the villain! Seize him—knock him down!

Felix. (*Interposing.*) Heyday, old gentleman! What makes you so riotous?

Jer. Oh, the saints! By my veracity, the signor himself!

Mar. (L. C.) My dear master, we thought you had been robbed and——

Felix. And murdered, I suppose. I am happy, gentlemen, to acquaint you that neither of these accidents have befallen me. I fear you have insulted this worthy man through your suspicion. I sent him with my purse to purchase provisions for his family. (*Aside.*) That's a white lie, at most!

Jer. Your lordship must pardon the excess of our prodigious zeal for your lordship's welfare. I protest that my agitation——

Felix. No doubt, was very great. Retire! (*The Vassals retire up.*) My friend, the Castle of Guicherie is at no great distance. I shall often see you there.

Ros. (*Kissing his hand.*) Generous man!

Hel. Our children shall be taught to bless you in their prayers.

Felix. Speak. Can I serve you in any way? I am sure you have not been accustomed to this sphere of life.

Hel. We have, indeed, known happier days.

Felix. You interest me strongly. Are you natives of this country?

Ros. With you, our generous preserver, we can have no concealments. Two years since, misfortune drove us to this wilderness, and I am only known here as Vincent, the poor Hunter of the Alps; but Turin gave me birth, and the name of my family is Rosalvi.

Felix. What! Rosalvi? Good heavens, I am almost choking! Give me breath! Speak. Is your name Ferdinand Rosalvi?

Ros. Ferdinand is, indeed, my name.

Felix. (*In delirious transport.*) Huzza! He's found—he's recovered! Huzza, huzza! You think I am mad, but I am not! You have a brother?

Ros. I had. Dear, unfortunate Felix! He left his family when a boy, and died in India.

Felix. No, that's wrong, for he lives in Savoy.

Ros. How!

Felix. He stands before you now—(*throwing himself upon Rosalvi's bosom*)—he clasps you in his arms—he presses you to his heart, and calls you by the dear, dear name of brother!

Ros. Benignant providence!

Hel. Rosalvi, did I not forbid you to despair? The night of our misery rolls away!

Felix. Aye, and the day of happiness that succeeds shall last as long as Felix can command a ducat to purchase its sunshine. We will never separate. My house shall be yours, and, as a compromise, your children shall be mine.

Ros. Are we, indeed, so blessed?

Felix. Faith, I'm the happiest fellow! Ferdinand, your hand. Dear sister, yours! Little ones—— No, hang it, I can only manage two at a time; but I'll hug you by-and-by. Approach, my friends, and partake your master's joy.

Jer. Signor, permit me to deliver an extempore oration on this fortunate event.

Felix. By your leave, old gentleman, we'll postpone that compliment. Away to the castle! There will we mutually recount the adventures of our youth; and, while we muse upon the rencontre of this happy hour, bless the cause that produced it, and gratefully remember in our cups the runaway horse that flung his rider in the forests of Savoy.

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